The Patrician

The Monthly Magazine of 32 O. T. U. Royal Air Force

PATRICIA BAY

Vol. 1 NOVEMBER - 1941 No. 2

PRICE TEN CENTS

SEND A COPY HOME

The Patrician will be mailed to the United Kingdom from the magazine office at the following subscription rates:

3 MONTHS, 35c » 6 MONTHS, 70c » 1 YEAR, $1.40

Our civilian friends are also invited to subscribe at the above rates.

Live

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

There are few spots known to man where life can be lived more agreeably than in British Columbia.

It has everything—location, climate, resources, opportunities, all the little amenities, unimportant in themselves but which combine to make life something more than simply a matter of habit and routine.

From every corner of the Empire, people have come to British Columbia, have made their homes here, adopted our pattern, become citizens, absorbed themselves in our life and interests.

There is no doubt that the cessation of hostilities will see a lively movement of population and capital to British Columbia, to inject fresh energy into all its activities and bring fresh ideas to bear upon its development.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Department of Trade and Industry,
Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., Canada

ADVERTISE IN THIS MAGAZINE

❖

For particulars of rates and space write to—
"The Patrician," 32 O.T.U., R.A.F. Patricia Bay

Inexpensive
CHRISTMAS
GIFTS
in Great
Variety
at
The
SOUVENIR
SHOP
811 Govt. St.
Victoria, B.C.

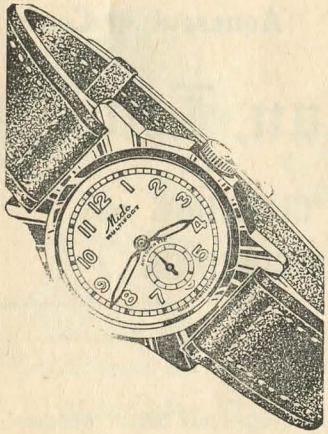
Buy a R. & G. Used Car

Renewed and Guaranteed

NATIONAL MOTOR CO. LIMITED

PHONE G-8177
Victoria, B.C.

"Where Customers Send Their Friends"



SHOCK-PROOF - WATERPROOF
Anti-Magnetic - Stainless Steel
$42.50 TO $80.00

F. W. FRANCIS
1110 DOUGLAS STREET

ROBINSON'S
for
BICYCLES

1220 Broad Street
(opposite Colonist)

Compliments of

The Modern Pharmacy

Ltd.

❖

G-1511

❖

Douglas Street at Johnson

CLUB CAFE

❖

Good Food for Every Taste and Purse

❖

642 YATES STREET, Victoria, B.C.
TELEPHONE E-8112

Specialists in
ENGLISH TOFFEE and SWEETS

❖

We Feature OVERSEAS MAILING
(No charge for packing)

❖

THE HOME OF ENGLISH TOFFEE
813 Government Street
(Opposite Post Office)

Jaegar Woollens **Aquascutum Coats**

O. H. Dorman, Ltd.

MEN'S CLOTHING and FURNISHINGS

❖

Agents for the Best English and Scotch Woollens

❖

1328 Douglas Street Phone G-5311 Victoria, B.C.

IMPORTED BRITISH WOOLLENS

BURBERRY COATS FOR MEN AND LADIES
JAEGER WOOLLENS . . . BRAEMAR SWEATERS

Such world-famous products as these comprise the Wilson selection . . . one of the most complete imported stocks in Canada.

Authorized Agents for DACK'S Shoes

W. & J. WILSON

Quality Apparel for Men, Ladies and Children
Since 1862

1217-21 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA, B.C. PHONE GARDEN 5013

MEN
of the
R.A.F.
should know
the Home of
R.C.A.
and
VICTOR RECORDS

All the latest Victor Records, Victrolas and Radios and an intelligent staff that will count it an honour to serve you in any way.

KENTS 641 YATES STREET .:. VICTORIA
Between Broad and Douglas

When You Come to Town —

COME TO TERRYS

GOOD FOOD at all HOURS

★

MODERATE PRICES

★

Jolly Surroundings

FORT AND DOUGLAS
VICTORIA

Launderers and Dry Cleaners

V

NEW METHOD

LAUNDRIES LTD.

Phone G-8166

Piccadilly Shoppe

Ladies' Wear

Direct From England

LONDON Tailored
All Wool Coats and Suits

Scotch Sweaters

•

1105 Government Street
(Opp. C.P.R. Ticket Office)

G-7332

RONSEN LIGHTERS
CIGARETTE CASES
LONDON PIPES
MONEY BELTS
LEATHER GOODS

Importers of . . .
ENGLISH TOBACCOS and CIGARETTES

Crests For All the Services

E. A. MORRIS Limited
Tobacconists
VICTORIA VANCOUVER

BOUND *for* BRITAIN

PARCELS OF FOOD

Shipped Daily

Rationed Foods:—Butter, Tea, Bacon, Sugar, Chocolate, Dried Fruits, Cheese, etc.

——::——

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY
—— **List of Suggestions on Request** ——

SCOTT & PEDEN LTD.

Phone G-7181 **Cor. Store and Cormorant**

Compliments of . . .

Gordon Ellis Limited

The English Woollen Shop

❖

1107 GOVERNMENT STREET
VICTORIA, B.C.

PERIOD ARTS LTD.

"THE ENGLISH SHOPPE"
S. A. Reynolds, Director

SPECIALISTS IN
Finest English Bone China and Crystal

(opp. Empress Hotel) E-3931
VICTORIA

Kelway's BLACK HORSE CAFE

●

It has the setting of the English Inn, and We Furnish Appetites With Our Foods of Excellence.

●

1111 DOUGLAS STREET
VICTORIA, B.C.

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Over-seas Food Shop

Send your Christmas parcels to friends and relatives over-seas NOW. Postal authorities advise early mailing to be sure they will arrive on time. Our Overseas Food Shop is brimming with specially selected foods and they will pack, wrap and mail your parcel for you with no added cost other than postage. Parcels must not exceed 5 lbs. gross weight and contain not more than 2 lbs. of one commodity.

—Lower Main Floor,
"THE BAY"

Support
Our
Advertisers

Compliments of
RYAN-WILSON Co., Ltd.
Wholesale Fruit and Produce
•
541 Yates Street, Victoria
Phone G-7151

Xmas Flowers . . .
Delivered in England
By Placing Order Early
You Save Cost of Cable
❖
WOODWARD'S
Florists
629 Fort Street G-5614

With the Compliments of
McMARTIN'S
LEATHER GOODS STORE
•
Telephone G-6613
716 Yates Street, Victoria, B.C.

THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group-Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M.

EDITORS:
S/Ldr. J. R. PEARSON AND A.C. C. GOSLEY

PRODUCTION MANAGER:
A.C. C. GOSLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
CPL. F. S. KEMP (Literary) L.A.C. BRECKON (Pictorial)
A.C. F. REED (General)

ADVERTISING MANAGER:
L.A.C. L. V. ROBERTS

ACCOUNTS:
L.A.C. L. SUMNER

Material for publication must reach the office of **The Patrician** before the 20th of each month.

Advertisements: For particulars of rates and space write to the Advertising Manager, **The Patrician,** No. 32, O.T.U., R.A.F., Patricia Bay.

Copies of this magazine will be mailed to the United Kingdom from the office of **The Patrician** at an inclusive charge of 12c per month.

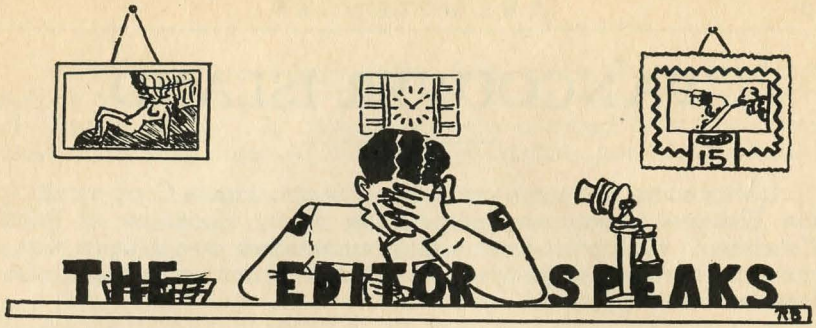
Subscription rates: 3 months, 35c; 6 months, 70c; 12 months, $1.40.

Cheques to be made payable to **The Patrician.**

INDEX

	Page
Cartoons	8, 23, 26 and 33
The Editor Speaks	9
Vancouver Island (by J. R. P.)	10
Reply to Last Verse of "Overseas" (by "Sergeant Major")	11
Albert and the Corporal	12
The Other Man's Job, No. 2—The Adjutant (by K. D. Acton)	13
Play the Game	15
We Go Fishing (by F. Reed)	16
History Repeats Itself	19
Interesting Interviews	20
The Padre's Chat	21
A Day in the Mud (by A. Wiles)	22
Promotions	23
Old Dingle's Questionosity	24
Picked-Up by a Wireless Op.	25
R.A.F. Patricia Bay Motor Club (by R.W.)	26
Camp Crossword	27
Sport	28
Y.M.C.A.	30
Thanks, Victoria	31
Victory (by R. Breckon)	32
We Entertain the Royal Navy	34
The Press Visits the R.A.F.	36
Brevity Is the Soul of Wheat (by X.Y.Z.)	37

ALL PASSES MUST BE SHOWN BEFORE ENTERING THE CAMP
TALKING SHOP!
by "JEEP"
PAT CAT 'KITTED' OUT!
PETROL SHORTAGE. DON'T YOU THINK THIS WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA?— AND QUITE POSSIBLE!
PRINCESS PATRICIA
RAF STORES PAT BAY



Vol. 1, No. 2. **NOVEMBER, 1941** **10 Cents**

The plunge was taken and **The Patrician** was born. This child called Vol. 1, No. 1, was presented to you with some misgiving, but our hopes were justifed and its success passed our most optimistic dreams. Success is a heady potion but we realise that more is expected of us and we present to our readers **The Patrician** No. 2, a little mud-stained perhaps but a bigger and we hope a better magazine.

Mrs. L. Stevenson was our first civilian subscriber, since when we have an ever-growing list, we thank them all for their support.

Most of our advertisers have remained faithful to us and we hope you will patronise them whenever possible.

We are grateful to "The Victoria Daily Times," who are so ably assisting us to improve the magazine by allowing us the free use of printing blocks of photographs reproduced in their newspaper.

Our aim is to make this magazine as representative of the Station as possible. We can achieve this only if representatives from each section will take notice of happenings in their particular sphere and pass on to us their observations. Even if they cannot put them on paper we will do the "writing up."

It is hoped to purchase musical instruments for a proposed Station Band with the profits from this magazine and to donate to any other fund for the benefit of Station personnel.

THE EDITORS.

AN INVITATION

The Canadian Legion (Britannia Branch) extends a welcome to all service men at their club on View Street, Victoria, on Sunday afternoons from 2 p.m. The recreation room offers table tennis (5 tables), darts and carpet bowls. The billiard room (3 tables) is also available.

If a quiet afternoon is preferred use can be made of the writing and reading rooms.

Refreshments are served and a show is put on during the evening. All these excellent facilities are free.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

It was some 163 years ago when Captain James Cook sailed up the Western Ocean and neared the Rocky Coastline of British Columbia. His object was to find out whether or not there was a navigable waterway between the Pacific Ocean and the Hudson Bay and the Atlantic.

It was in Nookta Sound, about half-way up the Western Coast of the Island, in which Cook's "Resolution" and "Discovery" first cast anchor. It must have been a welcome sight for sea-tired eyes to see these glorious mountains rising out of the sea as if by magic, their bases foam-splashed by the Pacific rollers and their towering peaks snow-capped like white cloaked giants.

The native Indians that came out to greet his ships, strangely clad in their flaxen garments, edged with fur and fringed with tassles, often covered with beautiful skins and many of them with strange head dresses and masks representing birds and wolves and other animals, proved friendly though at first a little timid. They were ready to trade their skins and carved ornaments for looking glasses, pans, old bits of tin and in fact any metal objects. Captain Cook stayed a pleasant month here while repairs to his ships were effected and when the day came for him to sail it was with a tinge of regret that he took his leave and the following extract from his Journal is interesting:—

> "Whoever comes after me to this place will find the natives prepared with a not inconsiderable supply of skins and articles of trade which they could perceive we were eager to possess and which we found could be purchased to great advantage."

He sailed up the coast still in search of that non-existant navigable waterway until he reached Behring Strait and there found his way barred by vast ice-floes and fogs and when floating masses of ice began to surround the ships, Captain Cook decided it would be useless to push further north that summer. He, therefore, turned Southward and in November reached the Sandwich Isles, where it was intended to rest up over the winter months, but he was destined never to return to his search for that North-west passage, for in February this heroic explorer met his death at the hands of the Sandwich Isle natives.

As can be imagined on the return of the Resolution and Discovery in 1780, after an absence of four years, the news of this rich and prosperous island spread like wildfire and soon keen-sighted traders began to fit out ships to visit this hitherto unknown region and reap the rich harvest ready for the picking.

It was about eight years after their return that a convoy of trading vessels arrived at Vancouver Island, under the command of Captain Mears. An agreement was reached with the native chief; land was obtained and the first trading post established.

One day, however, two Spanish warships sailed into Friendly Cove, as this harbour was named, and announced that they had orders to seize any ships found on that coast as by right of discovery it belonged to the King of Spain. They took possession of two ships and imprisoned their officers and crew. When this news reached England a flame of indignation ran through the country and it looked as though war was inevitable. However, an arrangement was reached and it was decided that a final settlement of the whole affair should be made on the spot and in 1791 an expedition was sent from England to see that the terms were carried out. A young naval officer who had been already marked out as capable and efficient and who had served as a midshipman under Cook on his first expedition, was appointed to command. His name was Captain George Vancouver, from whom the Island today takes its name.

Anyone who hails from Kings Lynn may know the small house where Vancouver was born and his resting place is in the peaceful little red brick church of Petersham on the banks of the Thames.

—J. R. P.

A REPLY TO THE LAST VERSE OF "OVERSEAS"

(See last month's issue)

You know I cannot pardon you
When you commit such "crimes,"
As going on parade unshaved
Or being late sometimes.

This "Airworks" has its Book of Rules—
These rules you oft despise—
It cannot carry on without
K.R.'s and A.C.I's.

Now while we're working over here
Let's all be trouble-free,
Don't break the laws then start to moan
Because you've got C.B.

I know we can't be perfect,
Our faults are far from few,
But life would run more smoothly
With a little help from you.

—"SERGEANT MAJOR."

ALBERT AND THE CORPORAL

(*With apologies to Stanley Holloway*)—John Drinkwater.

Now you've heard of Old Sam, lads, in England,
A man of remarkable grit,
That same doughty bloke understand, lads
That sent old Nap. home in a fit.

Well now lads I've summat to tell of—
Of a lad that faced death with a laugh,
The grandson of Sammy the ruthless,
A daring young sprog in the Raf.

Now Albert had always been eager
To soar up in the air with his wings
For the glory of England and Empire,
Pat Bay and Wigan-Hot-Springs.

But talent my lads is fair wasted,
No laurels will crown his fat head,
For instead of "Ad Astra" and Glory,
"Per Ardua" got him instead.

He peeled tons of spuds in the cookhouse,
He scoured out the barracks as well,
Till bitterness filled his proud bosom,
And he wished the whole outfit in hell.

Now Albert's a lad of great patience,
With nature as mild as a dove,
Till sweeping the floor of his billet,
A corporal gave Albert a shove.

Then down to the floor crashed the sweeper,
An anger flared high in both men,
Then Albert with eyes wild and flashing,
Bawled out, "Tha can do it thissen."

The corporal now smitten with pity,
Hung his head with the shame of his blow,
And sobbing out words on t' lad's shoulder,
Said, "Tha'll do it for me lad I know."

"No flannel," said Albert with firmness,
"Your brutal display I deplore,
As sure as my name's Albert, Corporal,
Yon sweeping brush stays on the floor.

"Now, Corporal," a voice said behind them,
"What's going on here, may I ask?"
"Pray tell me the reason for stopping."
But Albert's young face was a mask.

Then speaking in tones mild and gentle,
As befitting a common young erk,
Lad said, "You can take it from me sir,
I'm brassed off with all this 'ere work."

The officer shook his head wisely,
He knew a brave lad on the spot,
"Say lad," said he, using his charms like,
"We'll do it together Old Pot."

You could see then he'd fair shaken Albert,
Who'd expected—well, any hard blows,
A tear trickled down past his whiskers,
And he blew a loud blast on his nose.

"Nay sir," said Albert in sorrow,
"Your offer's a fair one I know,
But never a Ramsbottom flinched, sir,
Or bowed to adversity's blow."

The officer looked fair heart-broken,
"Your mind's made up, Albert, I know,
Still as men we can only face facts, lad,
Let's have a quiet chat with t' C.O."

So arm in arm gaily they strolled lads,
Whilst corporal trailed back in the rear,
His legs and his body shaking,
With fright and frustration and beer.

The C.O. was glad to receive them,
A smile of great joy on his pan,
And dusting a chair with his hanky,
Said, "Come and sit down here old man."

"By gum, sir," said Albert quite quietly,
"I know you're a jolly good bloke,
But sweeping up billets for corporals,
Well, sir, it's no blinkin' joke."

"You're right, lad," said boss, "I agree there.
This place is so chock full of grit,
Another small portion around lad,
Won't matter the least little bit."

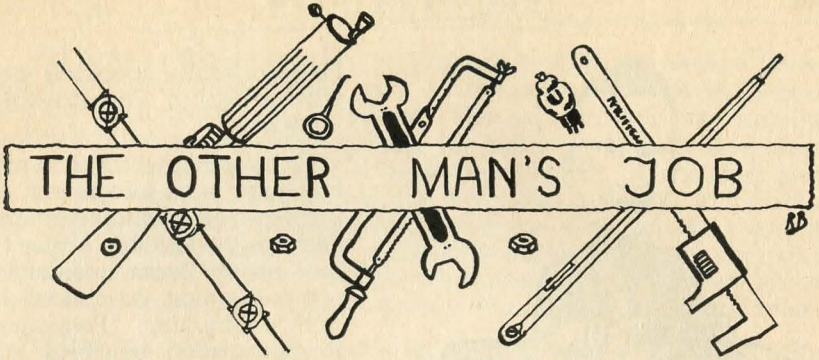
So glaring at corporal in anger,
He tore off the guy quite a strip,
"You beer-drinking corporals fair bind me,
Away corp, you give me the pip."

Then turning to Albert quite pally,
He said, "Lad, you're too good for this,
I've a vacancy here for Group-Captain,
A chance, Bert, that you shouldn't miss."

"Now, sir," said Albert, "that's gradely,
But really I've no wish to shine,
Just give me three tapes and a crown, sir,
And I'll shoot that dim half-wit a line."

"Good show," said the chief. "That's the spirit
I like to see in my erks.
From now on, lad, tha's blinkin' flight-sergeant,
Away, lad, and give him the works."

So you see, lads, my tale has a moral,
If corporal should say, "Dust that shelf,"
Just give him a look cool and haughty,
And say, "You do the —... yourself!"



No. 2—THE ADJUTANT

It occurred to someone, somewhere, and at some time, that there existed an area situated amongst inlets and mountains at the extreme west point of the vast British Empire which was entirely suitable for the reception of a body of men. Furthermore it was decided that the body of men to be banished should be drawn from various points of the British Isles, dispatched as individuals and consolidated on arrival as a unit. The ultimate object in the minds of the individuals responsible for the dispatching of this body of men was, that they should form the basis of an R.A.F. unit intended as a link in the chain of training for potential operational air crews.

These men are not the "glamour boys" of the R.A.F., they are not even front page publicity, but it can be said that they are a great lot of lads ready to carry out with inimitable British resolution a colossal job of work, because at the present time they are up against difficulties which have to be endured to be understood. Technicians, cooks and butchers, carpenters, disciplinarians and personnel of divers other branches, not forgetting the seemingly insignificant but nevertheless absolutely indispensable aircraft hands general duties, all are represented in this kaleidoscope.

The foregoing would give rise to the question, "Well, what has this to do with the job of the Adjutant?" Such a question can best be answered by pointing out that nine-tenths of the R.A.F. personnel are engaged on work which enables the remaining one-tenth to fight, and they are regiments essential to a fighting force, the supply of which requires careful organization. This organization is co-ordinated under the "Administrative Services," which latter in turn is comprised of several specialized services, fulfilling vitally fundamental jobs, thus co-operating to ensure the maximum efficiency of the whole.

In this vast scheme the Administrative Officers on the staff of the Station Commander, play the part which is, in effect, mainly concerned with the domestic needs of station personnel, messing, accommodation, sanitation, recreation and entertainments, etc., etc. The Station Adjutant is one of the pieces in this particular portion of the giant jig-saw puzzle, and his duties are varied, but neverthe-

less, generally speaking, not without some considerable interest.

One section which is to my mind the least interesting, is Personnel Administration. Perhaps the fact that I refer to that as the least interesting requires some amplification and explaining. Personnel Administration concerns all matters relative to the individuals on the station from the service aspect; it governs promotions, reclassifications, and remusterings, consequently calling for a knowledge of the many complex regulations and conditions from time to time published. It is the many intricacies, and the many points which upon initial perusal appear to be diametrically opposed, which in turn create a state of desperation ultimately accounting for my assertion that this subject is the least interesting. Do not misunderstand the foregoing statement of fact, and for one moment imagine that I am indifferent to the careers of the men, in the course of whose destinies in the R.A.F. my particular function plays a small part.

General discipline is a matter of great importance and the Adjutant takes a large part in the establishing and maintaining of this essential quality. Discipline takes time to build up in bodies of men, but it has the quality of permanence, and can be regarded as the rather stern "father" of morale. The definition of discipline I have always liked, although not the official definition is: "The cheerful spirit of obedience." Hence the unit which published in its Daily Orders, referring to an order promulgated previously, "W.e.f. today Order No.———dated——, will be obeyed," obviously had not established a very good disciplinary standard.

Arising out of discipline comes another job for the Adjutant, Arrest and Custody, Summaries of Evidence, Courts Martial and the resultant legal proceedings. Even in the R.A.F. someone occasionally runs off the rails and commits an offence against local orders, or more seriously against the Air Force Act. The result then is concentrated effort to thrash out the case and get the true facts, since it is not the object of "higher authority" solely to be sure of awarding punishments. In the mind of A.C. 2 Snooks undergoing 7 days Jankers on account of "W.O.A.S., being absent 2 hrs. 49 mins.", after failing to obtain a lift back from Victoria, I know there exists the firm assurance that he is getting a raw deal. However, he realises he is in the R.A.F. and despite the menial fatigue that is his lot, served out by the benign S.W.O., he quotes his little prayer, "Lord, teach me not to whimper," and gets on with the job.

All sorts of things happen in connection with the history of an R.A.F. unit, accidents, losses, fires, etc., which call for investigation or the more formal Court of Inquiry. The Adjutant does not usually conduct these proceedings himself, he just keeps check to ensure that the investigation is dealt with as expeditiously as possible, and further ensures that the copies of the proceedings subsequently pass forward for action. Accidents call for a lot more involved detail; casualty procedure is a ritual, a casualty being anything from a cut finger to a major mishap, and needless to say the necessary forms have to be completed and submitted through the usual channels.

These are some of the many and varied duties connected with the position, which at Patricia Bay, I have the privilege of filling. There are numerous other odd matters which have to be attended to; general details of Station Routine, including the publication of the daily news sheet, officially known as D.R.O.'s, and of course the yea or nay to the applications for leave which succeed in getting beyond the S.W.O.

I trust that the brief outline set out above will give a satisfactory account for my presence in British Columbia, although rather like the majority here, I do feel very much out of the activity of this war we are all fighting. As a result of very careful thought, however, I have succeeded in gaining some consolation in the conviction that our being here and carrying out to the utmost of our ability the particular jobs of work we have to do, will result before long, in men leaving here fully trained to take their active parts in the defence of our "Home" and very especially of the dear ones we have left behind who are continually in our thoughts.

—K. D. ACTON.

PLAY THE GAME

We print below a story which we believe to be true, as it reached us from a very reliable source. It is one of a few we have heard recently:—

A lady met an airman who was feeling a bit "fed up" and after pouring out his troubles to her she gathered that he was a little homesick and that his birthday was in the offing. She promised to give him a party and asked him to say what he would like for dinner.

The birthday arrived, the dinner was prepared and a present was placed on the table. The airman did not arrive.

This kind person had gone to a great deal of trouble and expense to entertain this airman for a few hours and that was her thanks.

We know these cases of ungratefulness are few, but if we wish to enjoy the hospitality of these generous local people, surely we must **ALL** play the game.

WE GO FISHING

Buying The Tackle

This is a short story involving four airmen, including myself. To save the others a great deal of embarrassment, I am calling them Cuthbert, Clarence and Claude, instead of their real names; this will, I feel, sure spare them many blushes.

Who first started the fishing idea we really cannot remember, although it is certainly true that Cuthbert's entry into the barrack room one evening with the news of someone winning a forty dollar prize in a local fishing competition, did create something of a sensation. Indeed at the mere mention of forty bucks, the atmosphere became electric, partly due no doubt to the fact that our next pay day had been moved farther away from us, owing to some very peculiar system of bookkeeping and accountancy practiced by the R.C.A.F., completely upsetting our budget, and offering the bleak prospect of at least three evenings without hamburgers.

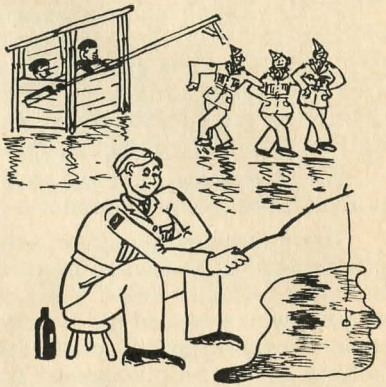
Enlarging on fishing generally, Cuthbert went on to describe the whole thing as being "Dead easy," all one had to do was to buy a fishing line and hook, dangle it in the water and the fish were stupid enough to do the rest. I must admit that it all sounded rather too easy to me, but when venturing to suggest that if it was all so simple, it was rather surprising that people wasted valuable time writing long books about fishing, was told to "Stop binding," and "Wind my neck in," etc., and ceased criticism forthwith.

As it had been decided that we should go in for fishing in a big way on the next afternoon (a Saturday), it was arranged that we should meet outside Woolworth's in Victoria at 1600 hours (4 p.m. for those who are not very good at figures) and proceed from there to buy the tackle. Unfortunately although two of us arrived on time, Cuthbert and Clarence, who were given a lift, were so impressed by the young lady driving them, that they failed to notice they were being driven to Nanaimo instead of Victoria, and arrived at Woolworth's a little after 7. This caused a somewhat heated discussion on punctuality and some rather strong adjectives were used. However, we did after a time remember the object of our errand, and then made all haste to find a store selling fishing tackle.

I had been to Victoria a couple of days before, and knew where such a place was, at least I thought I knew, but after I had walked the others to the other side of town, and found a cafe standing where the store should have been, decided that perhaps after all I had been mistaken. For some unknown reason this seemed to make me most unpopular with the others.

Upon further enquiry we found the store we were looking for was actually near Woolworth's.

Owing to the storekeeper being a little deaf there was some slight misunderstanding about lines, however, after returning one hundred feet of very substantial clothes line, and explaining that we wished to do fishing, and not washing, all was well, and we left the store complete with hook, line, and sinker.



If we hadn't met those sailors, we should, no doubt, have caught the last bus back. As it happened we arrived some considerable time after 23.59, and rather merry. The situation was not improved by Claude, who would insist on trying to catch fish in the large puddle outside the guardroom.

It was some days before we were able to leave camp again.

The Expedition

On the Sunday, a week later, it was hot and chugging along in an outboard motor boat we were soon enjoying the pleasure of sunbathing, with most of our uniforms piled untidily in the bow. Our line was cast but beyond that, fishing was almost entirely forgotten. In any case the boatman had assured us that a very solid-looking dinghy was just what we wanted for fishing, but on seeing the trim lines of the outboard we had decided catching fish was of secondary importance anyway.

We had decided to cut across the bay to a spot marked "Indian Reservation" on the map, hoping to see wigwams, squaws, etc. Clarence, who had rather hazy ideas about all Indians, thought that with a little persuasion, they might even do the rope trick for us.

Clarence was steering, the rest of us were intent upon getting well tanned. I was in the stern with the fishing line hanging loosely from one hand. Suddenly there was a sharp tug on the line. I yelled out "Bite!" Clarence swung the tiller hard over, for no apparent reason whatsoever, and we started to go round in circles. There was great excitement. After I had laboriously wound in one hundred feet of line, only to find not the slightest trace of any fish on the end of it, Clarence admitted that he had given the line a playful tug, to note our reactions.

A little after this, when our line became entangled with the propellor, even more confusion was caused, and we had to take it in turns to dive underneath the boat to unravel the confounded thing.

Late in the afternoon we drew into a jetty and tied up the boat, we were rather surprised to find ourselves at Deep Cove instead of the Indian Reservation, and of course blamed the map. Here we

swam around for a while, but when we were a little way out, Claude, who was on the beach, cried out: "Octopus!" We probably broke all records as we raced for the shore. This turned out to be just another of his little jokes.

At last, being exhausted with swimming, and burnt by the sun, we decided to make our way back. However, the engine refused to start. We tried everything we knew. Then an interested spectator suggested turning the petrol on again. This made a surprising difference; the engine roared, and we shot away, coming to a sudden halt as we had forgotten to untie the boat.

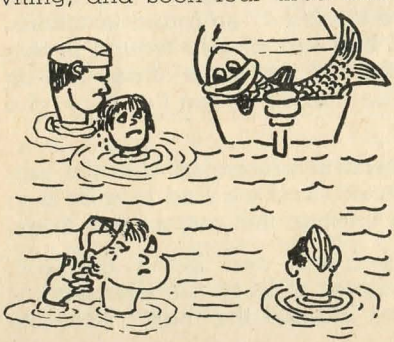
With the engine full out, and our boat trying so hard to get away, it must have looked something like a dog straining at the leash.

The interested spectator, who was standing on the jetty, seeing our somewhat awkward predicament, made haste to untie the rope but very foolishly failed to let go of it and as we hadn't stopped the engine, was whisked off the pier, landing with a large splash in the water, hanging grimly on to the rope all the while, and was towed behind us at furious speed for several yards. He wore a most amazed expression the whole time, and somehow did not seem a bit pleased, evidently a man with no sense of humour. We noticed that he was very, very wet when they hauled him out.

In view of my previous vast boating experience (chiefly Sunday afternoon punting on the Thames at Richmond), and as things had not been going too smoothly, I decided to take charge of things on the journey back. In spite of my steering a perfectly straight course, Cuthbert was rude enough to tell me that there were no U-boats in Pat Bay, and zig-zagging was quite unnecessary.

Drawing up to the landing stage at the end of the voyage, I swung the tiller over, intent upon making a perfect three-point landing, but something went wrong, for instead of coming gently alongside, we ran full tilt into the landing stage, much to the dismay of the owner of the boat, who happened to be standing nearby.

It was arranged to have a snack in the cafe, and then to continue fishing by moonlight, but comfortably seated, gulping coffee and disposing of hot dogs, the water looked very cold and uninviting, and soon four tired and sunscorched airmen were wearily trudging back to the barracks.



No, we had not caught any fish, perhaps this was as well, for I am sure that if we had pulled up a large cod, or salmon, in the ensuing attempts to stun it, four airmen would have been struggling in the water, leaving one proud fish in sole possession of the boat.

—F. REED

(Just another fisherman's story.—Ed.)

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

It is interesting to note the similarity between the two verses reprinted below. The first was sent by Miss E. V. Gwynne, of Sidney, together with a letter which said: "Last night I was reading with interest your first copy of **"The Patrician,"** and noted the poem "Overseas." What particularly struck me was, that the feelings of the R.A.F. in British Columbia in 1941 were so like those of the C.E.F. on Salisbury Plain in 1915. I thought, therefore, you might be interested to see a poem from "With the First Canadian Contingent," published there at that time . . . "

The second verse, written by one of our readers, describes present-day conditions here at our station. They are both entitled "MUD."

1915

On this thick and chalky loam
Where'er the eye may roam
The brutal truth comes home—
Of the mud.

It is said that the great god Buddha
Is "an idol made of mud."
You could make a million gods
Of what once was grassy sods—
But is mud.

The ancient homes of Britons were of mud,
And one need not of reflection chew the cud
To quickly understand.
They took what was next to hand
As they dotted all the land
With homes of mud.

In the morn when we arise
There are but rainy skies—
And the mud.
Nine inches deep it lies,
We are mud up to our eyes;
In our cakes and in our pies
There is mud.

Our soldiers like to stroll
In the mud,
And the horses love to roll
In the mud;
Our good Canadian shoes
It goes quickly through and through.
Peels the sole and melts the glue—
In the mud.

This ditty I have written
In the mud.
For where ever I've been sittin'
There is mud.
It has covered every spot,
On my hands there's quite a lot.
When I'm dead, oh, plant me not—
In the mud!

—G. M. A.

1941

From crawling amphibians and reptiles descended
To the churchyard's green pillow when life's tasks are ended
Mud was our cradle, mud blankets our grave.
On the pages of history "Mud" is engraved.

To disciples of Buddha, the Mud of the Ganges
Is sacred and holy—these mystical fancies
Appear to us Christians as pagan, oppressed,
Whose hearts revere Flanders, the Mud of the blessed.

The ladies of fashion when beauty is fading
Through mud packs and facials and mud baths are wading,
If their paths, like Pat Bay's were muddy and slimy
These ladies of fashion might descend to "Cor blimey!"

Mud splashes from buses swaying down Ludgate Hill,
Mud churned by cows going home past the mill,
For the mud of the farms, the rivers, the glen
We'll fight for the homeland of all Englishmen.

—E. H.

INTERESTING INTERVIEWS

THE SPEEDIE BROTHERS

Quite a lot has been written in the press recently on the R.A.F.'s impressions of Canada. Now we in turn are privileged in being able to publish two Canadian airmen's impressions of the Old Country, which we feel sure will be of general interest.

Bowler hats, monotonous rows of uniform houses, city men "dressing up" to go to work and narrow streets, these are amongst the things that made the biggest impressions on two Canadian brothers in the R.A.F., during their service in England.

The brothers, John and Jim Speedie, were the first on our list of interesting personalities to be interviewed by a **Patrician** reporter.

Sidney is their home town, and they left in November, 1938, for London via Chicago and New York, with the sole idea of joining the R.A.F., which they did in December of that year. Now they are back in Canada and are stationed with the R.A.F. at Patricia Bay.

John, an AC 1, aged 25, is the elder and for some unknown reason is often referred to as the "Phantom Rigger." Jim, an L.A.C., is 21.

Asked why they went to England to join the R.A.F., both agree that they thought war would be declared shortly, and wanted to be in it. At the same time both are keen on travelling, and wanted an opportunity of seeing the "Old Country."

Asked for their opinion of the girls over there, they said that on the whole the girls did not dress as smartly as the Canadian girls (with the exception of Londoners, who were very well dressed), and seemed to wear very much heavier shoes. However, they thought the English girls very friendly, indeed Jim went so far as to say, "They sure are fast!" One of the things noticed, too, was that when they came back to Victoria, many of the girls whom they had known very well here, had in their absence, been married and in many cases even started to collect families. So don't forget blokes, write home to your girl friend regularly, otherwise she may forget you.

On the subject of girls, Jim began to get very eloquent, and it was some time before we were able to lead him on to other subjects. Eventually we mentioned beer, always an interesting topic. John actually prefers Canadian brands to ours! while his brother, showing much better taste (in the opinion of the staff of **The Patrician**) prefers English beer.

They described the dancing on the other side as "Swell," and preferred English dance bands, although for real good fun they said the "old time" dances in Victoria are pretty good.

The number of bowler hats worn in England caused them a great deal of amusement, as they look so uncomfortable. Asked to name

their favourite spots in the "Old Country," John plumped for Cumberland, as the people there gave him such a good time. Jim, on the other hand, liked the town of Carlisle; it may be a coincidence, but even before the war there were twice as many girls as boys in this town!

In conclusion the brothers both spoke enthusiastically on what a great feeling it was to get back home again, and how glad their folks were to see them. For the rest of us this is a pleasure that has yet to come.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

Please would I write an article for **The Patrician?** This was said to me before I had been on the unit for twenty-four hours; and it was the first request to be made to me. I must congratulate the Editors upon their enterprise, and upon the excellence of their first issue. Well done!

I know how greatly the departure of Padre Hooper to No. 37, S.F.T.S., Alberta, is bemoaned. During the few weeks in which he was temporarily attached here he made himself beloved. We wish him good luck in his very different surroundings.

I do not think that the men who came to Patricia Bay direct from England have any conception of what the weather conditions are like inland. I came to Canada from England last winter and went to one of the prairie provinces. During the winter, which lasted for half the year, the temperature was frequently "forty below," and men were going to the sick quarters daily suffering from frost-bite. When the summer came at last we went into tropical kit and frizzled in 110 degrees and over in the sun. So when you pick your way in and out among the drain-pipes and wonder which way to turn next, before you disappear one night in a water-logged ditch and are no more seen, you can at least reflect that you might easily be on one of the new Stations under construction in England and that you are not called upon to get lost in a blizzard one moment or to melt away to nothing in a prairie heat wave a few weeks later!

When conditions have become a little more settled, and a suitable place is available, I hope to start a Sunday evening social for the benefit of those men who are not able to leave camp on a Sunday night and who have nothing else to do to while away the time.

One last word: Sunday Services. At the moment there is no place on the unit set apart exclusively for religious use. The Canadian Government provides neither chapel nor adequate ecclesiastical equipment for Christian worship on the Air Force Stations: and it is not easy to find a corner which can be set aside permanently as an oratory. I ask you not to be discouraged by the absence of appropriate surroundings for Divine Service. We should be able to worship Christ under all conditions.—E. W. L. MAY.

A DAY IN THE MUD

[This month we offered a prize of two dollars for the best article written on the "watery situation." Out of the many entries received, that of A/C A. Wiles was considered the best. We print below the prize-winning article.]

It had rained continually for hours and as far as the eye could see were pools of water, rushing streams and partly submerged objects.

The orderly sergeant, up betimes and conscientiously making his early "rise and shine" tour, was delicately picking his way along duckboards and pieces of floating wood, when one foot slipped and the "good earth" claimed him. He arose, counted ten quickly, and amid oaths of varied origin commenced to scrape off a few pounds of thick mud. Throwing away the nail with which he had unblocked his whistle, he flew through the barrack rooms, gently awakening drowsy airmen.

Before long men could be seen slipping and floundering to breakfast. Quite a number arrived without mishap, but several found a better use for their knives than cutting food, and applied them to encrusted knees and seats.

On parade all of the men presented a somewhat spotted appearance, but some did not even get on parade. One tall youth, very proud of his new gum-boots, had shown his complete disregard of mud and water by striding manfully through pools and puddles until he mistook a four-foot trench for a shallow hole and dragged himself out of it with loud expletives about weather and Pat Bay generally. Other men walking along with mud-covered overshoes, suddenly strode forward with lightened step only to find that both shoes had been left firmly implanted in the mire, six feet behind.

If by chance you had glanced through the window of one barrack room, you would have seen the orderly carefully spreading the mud over the floor, being particularly careful to spread it in even streaks with the grain of the wood.

It was a day to be long remembered; lads from Manchester insisted that the weather did not compare with home on Test Match day but their assurances were cold comfort and were greeted with rude remarks and ribald comment.

Officers could be seen with trousers at half-mast, displaying silken hosiery; lorries would go all out and yet stand still whilst throwing mud in all directions. Some parts of the camp were almost impassable and only the tallest men ventured in their direction with trepidation and fortitude. Amidst this welter of glutinous

clay, work progressed slowly, but even so, surely. Small trenches were filled in whilst larger ones were being dug and by evening the camp was just a honeycombed mess of churned up glue.

And so to bed, another day's work done, to dream perchance of dry earth, green grass and sunshine and perhaps of the following morning's scrape and clean-up.—A. WILES.

PROMOTIONS

We congratulate the following on their recent promotion:—

F/Lt. J. R. Pearson to Squadron-Leader.
F/O. K. D. Acton to Flight-Lieutenant.
F/O. J. Whittaker to Flight-Lieutenant.
P/O. H. E. Dunn to Flight-Lieutenant.
F/Sgt. A. G. Buckingham to W.O. 1.
L.A.C. L. D. Heppenstall to Corporal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Film Fan"—It was in "Pygmalion." No, **George** Bernard Shaw is not in the R.A.F.

"Memory"—Her phone number is Riviere de Loup 31813.

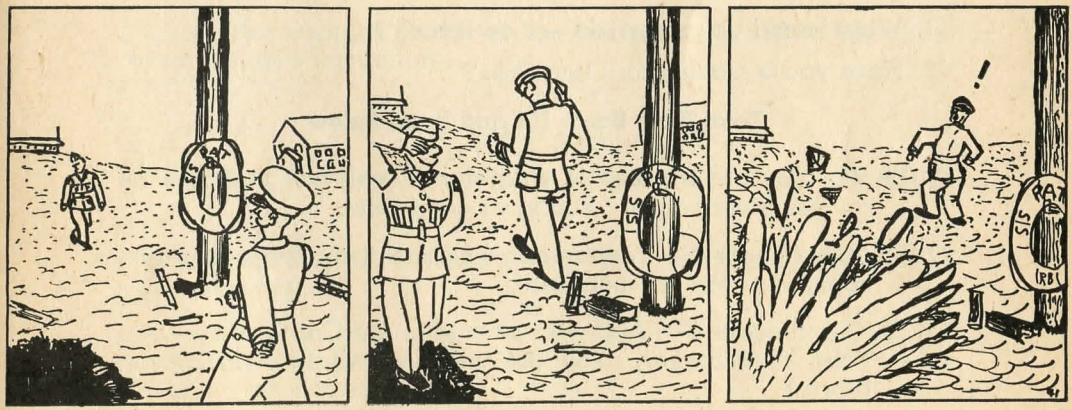
"Interested"—We understand that the other hangars will be built on Wednesday.

"Careless"—A great pity, it will cost you about $20 a month.

"Cook"—No, it is impossible to remuster as Air-Commodore.

"Thrifty"—No, owing to technical difficulties **"The Patrician"** could not be printed on tissue paper.

"Fisherman"—You need not clean them before cooking, bait with a No. 9.



OLD DINGLE'S QUESTIONOSITY

—OR MAN KNOW THYSELF

5 Marks for YES; 3 Marks for NO; 2 Marks for MAYBE. Total the result—and get a grip on your personality. Answer:—YES, NO or MAYBE.

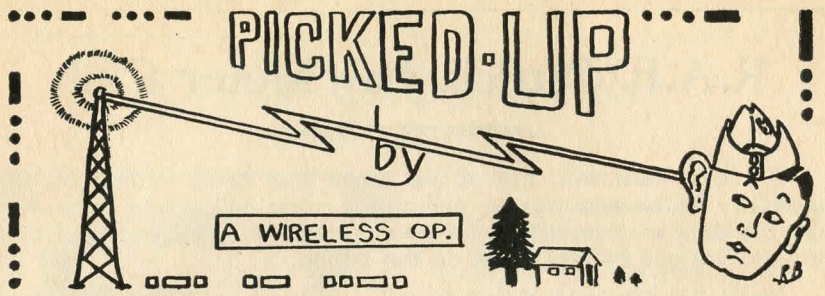
1. Would you rather own a rare volume of Byron's works, than be a traffic manager on Victoria's street cars? .....
2. If, when nearing home, you slipped on a loose board and landed in a muddy ditch, would your language be disgusting ? .....
3. Would you, without the slightest compunction, accept a drink from a total stranger—if you knew it would cost you two in return ? .....
4. Do you prefer blondes ? .....
5. Have you a leaning towards brunettes ? .....
6. If you had a dollar on a horse in the third race, and collected 200 to 1, would you hand half to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund ? .....
7. Would you have a dabble to the end of the race card ? .....
8. Do you sleep with your trousers under the mattress ? .....
9. —or would you rather borrow an iron to press them ? .....
10. If you asked a stranger in Victoria when he left the Old Country, would you expect him to say thirty years ago ? .....
11. What would you rather do—or go fishing ? .....
12. Have you a craving for Coca-Cola ? .....

Total Your Score Up and Read Below

OVER 48—You are capable of great things, you will probably be on guard very soon. You have good taste.

OVER 26 but under 49—You are due for promotion; sweep your bed space out, and eat more fruit.

OVER 15 but under 27—Apply for posting to the Old Country—you have dual control. You are creative—what's holding you down ?



PUKKA GEN

Overheard in the airmen's mess: "If they'd put it on a saucer you'd think you'd got a big dinner!"

* * *

Who is the Senior N.C.O. who, when the lady said he could have anything he wanted, took the car? Pity you can't drive, Flight! Wakee, Wakee!

* * *

I hear there were rum goings on in the Sergeant's Mess on September 30th. For most of the evening the chairman was literally confined to his chair!

* * *

Did another highly-placed N.C.O. have face-ache after the dance?

* * *

Did you hear about the "erk" who was sent by an N.C.O. from the stores to the Equipment Officer for two dozen amps? The said officer informed the "erk" that amps did not come under his section and sent him back with a request for a tin of red paint to paint the last post!

* * *

I wonder what the Editors of **The Patrician** will find to talk about **when** the mud has left us.

* * *

DUFF GEN

I always thought a dime was a Cockney girl.

* * *

One man I know is going to stay here about thirty years—he's in the local gaol.

* * *

The question of erecting a lighthouse near the Orderly Room is "under consideration."

R.A.F. Patricia Bay Motor Club

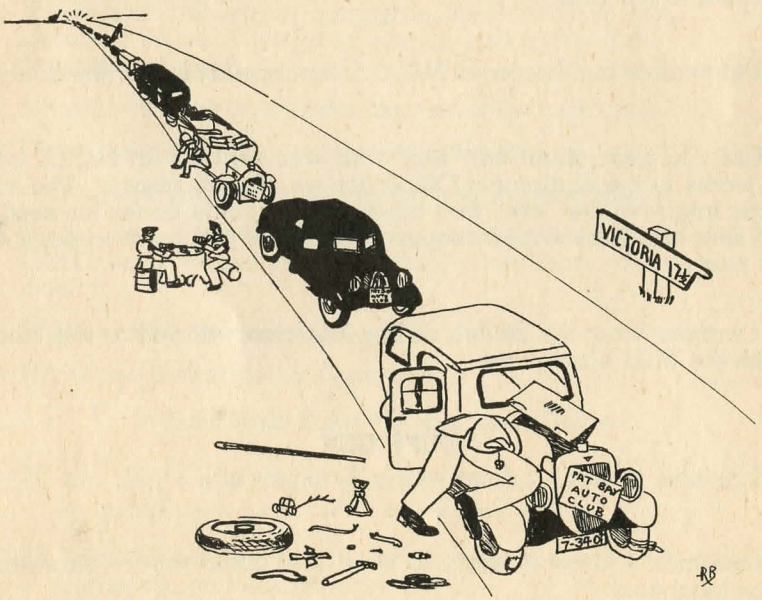
A motor club with the above name has been formed on the Station. Its objects are to encourage road fellowship and safe driving and to organize social events such as week-end and day trips to various beauty spots on the Island.

The following have been elected as officials of the club: Chairman, A/C Field; treasurer, A/C Hopper; secretary, A/C West. Committee: L.A.C. Jones, A/C Hillyard, A/C Jacobs.

Non-car-owners are invited to join and will be able to take part in the social events.

The car-owners' subscription rate is 50c and 25c per month. As yet no amount has been fixed for non-car-owners.

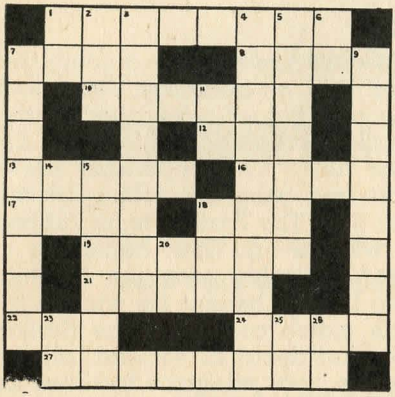
When funds permit tools will be purchased and these will be loaned to members to enable them to carry out repairs necessary to keep their cars in a road-worthy condition.—R.W.



The Station Motor Club's First Trip to Victoria

CAMP CROSSWORD

Compiled by JOHN ROSSELL



ACROSS

1. Does this traitor provide a means of overcoming clothes rationing?
7. Yiddish wine?
8. I appear to be in a hurry.
10. A circle of "snoops"?
12. Eccentric rotating part.
13. The local people seem to think we've ALL come to do this.
16. Only, a lake.
17. We were sent here on this. Electrical units.
18. Subtract 8.
19. Dad's in front of a marquee.
21. Pick out.
22. Your force.
24. A maiden?
27. Bradford's chief industry.

DOWN

1. Reverse 23.
2. US. (German.)
3. Retaliation.
4. Lo, a remnant.
5. Increase.
6. See 1 down.
7. What a queen but what a town.
9. Why not 9 needles?
11. In charge.
14. Royal Highlanders.
15. Unit of electrical current.
18. A small sleuth.
20. Nearly tea.
23. Oomph!
25. The (French.)
26. Conjunction.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD

Across

1, Winnipeg; 7, Oar; 8, A.A. 9, R.T.; 11, Nasty; 13, K.R.; 14, Ta. 15, Manitoba; 17, Ed.; 18, Mare; 19, N.E.; 20, Eel.

Down

1, Workmen; 2, No.; 3, Nanaimo; 4, I.R.A.; 5, Eatable; 6, Gay; 10, Trade; 12, Store; 16, Ta.

LIBRARY

We are indebted to the Victoria Public Library Board and Miss Margaret Clay, the Librarian, for their decision to extend to all personnel of this Station the privilege of borrowing books from their Library on Yates Street. Books may be obtained immediately by signing a form of application at the Library, giving the name and address of the Commanding Officer and of the next-of-kin.

There is no charge unless books are kept without renewal beyond the 14 days allowed for reading.

The Station Library is now open and a good selection of books are available. Books may be obtained at the following times: 12.15 to 13.15 every Monday, Wednesday and Friday until further notice.—H. F. C.

SPORT

CRICKET

High-lights of the Station cricket team's victory over a combined Victoria XI. by 86 runs at Beacon Hill Park on Saturday, September 27, was a fine innings of 56 by Corporal Thorner, who, after capturing five Victoria wickets for 17 runs, then proceeded to hammer the Victoria bowling to all parts of the field. Our opponents never recovered from an unfortunate start and were struggling all the time, being eventually dismissed for 37. The Station team rubbed these runs off for the loss of four wickets and then batted on to score 123. A feature of the Station's display was the fielding, Thornley, in particular, distinguishing himself behind the wickets by taking three splendid catches. This match concluded the Station team's brief but highly-successful cricket debut in Victoria, all the organized matches resulting in victories, with adequate facilities for practice, the team should make its mark in Victoria cricket next season.—C. W. B.

FOOTBALL

No news was received this month.

GOLF

Much enthusiasm has been aroused by our newly-formed golf club. The club is fortunate in having as its president Sqdn./Ldr. J. R. Pearson, who is a keen golfer, and has a great deal of tournament experience. Through his help many golf clubs have been received.

L.A.C. Green, to whom much of the credit is due for the formation of the club, has been elected secretary, with L.A.C. Sumner treasurer.

The aims of the club are: To teach the game to those interested, and improve the game of those members who are already golfers. Later it is hoped to form a team to represent the Station and arrange matches with local clubs.—W. H. C.

BOXING

A boxing match was held between the R.C.N. and the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. on Friday, October 17th, at Esquimalt Naval Barracks. The R.A.F. was represented by Flt./Sgt. Butterworth, who won after a very good fight; L.A.C. Hall, who lost his event after a rather slow exhibition, and L.A.C. Upton, whose fight had to be stopped in the second round owing to an injury which he had received.—J. D. T.

SWIMMING

A team was hurriedly formed to take part in an Inter-Service Swimming Gala, held on Wednesday, October 15th, at the Crystal Garden. The Air Force was represented by members of the R.C.A.F.

Make **"Mc & Mc"**

your headquarters for

SPORTING GOODS

We carry a complete stock of quality lines of sports equipment made by leading manufacturers.

Let Us Quote on Your Needs for:

Badminton	Fishing Equipment
Ice Hockey	Box Lacrosse
Golf	Rifles, Shotguns
Football	Ammunition
Ice Skates	Table Tennis
Basketball	Hunting Clothing

●

McLENNAN, McFEELY & PRIOR

LIMITED

1400 Government Street » » G-1111

and R.A.F. The swimmers from our Station were: A/C's Kewell, Barnett, Fillary, Stepanian, Leech, Speedie, Ackinclose, Brown. The result was: 1, R.C.N.; 2, R.C.A.; 3, R.A.F.

TABLE TENNIS

A table tennis club has been formed, and three teams have been entered in the Second Division of the Victoria Table Tennis Association.

The following officers have been elected: Chairman, Sgt. Wildmore; vice-chairman, Cpl. Pulsford; secretary, A/C Abbott; treasurer, Cpl. Joyce.

Selection committee: Cpl. Waters, L.A.C. Roberts, A/C Abbott, and A/C Andrews.

A number of matches have already been played with great success, the results being as follows:—

7.10.41—R.A.F. No. 1—29 games. Nut Shell Cafe, 7 games.
14.10.41—R.A.F No 1—30 games. Fairstars, 6 games.
R.A.F. No. 2—35 games. Western Air Command 1 game.
R.A.F. No. 3—20 games. Rovers, 16 games.

Any airman requiring further information regarding membership, etc., should see A/C Abbott, Block 9, Room 4.

Y.M.C.A.

During September the canteen proved a great success despite the disadvantages of the temporary quarters. The takings amounted to $2,162 and the net profit from this will be handed over to the C.O. to be used for the benefit of the men.

A popular concert was given during October by the Red Triangle Concert Party. At the end of the performance Group-Captain P. D. Robertson rose to thank the artistes and in doing so referred to the general muddy conditions thus: "In Trinidad they have been digging in the pitch lakes for fifty years and the level has dropped three feet. Here they have been excavating" (loud laughter). "Wait for it," growled the C.O. "Here," he repeated, "they have been excavating **only three weeks** and the water level has **risen three feet!"**

Cinema shows have been given throughout the month and have been well-attended. The programmes for November are as follows:

Monday, Nov. 3—"Little Accident." Baby Sandy, Hugh Herbert.
Wednesday, Nov. 5—"Hills of Wyoming." Bill Boyd, Hopalong Cassidy.
Monday, Nov. 10—"Beware of Spooks." Joe E. Brown, Mary Carlyle.
Wednesday, Nov. 12—"Beau Geste." Gary Cooper, Ray Milland.
Monday, Nov. 17—"Family Next Door." Hugh Herbert, Eddie Quillan.
Monday, Nov. 24—"Farmer's Daughter." Charlie Ruggles.
Monday, Dec. 1—"The Starmaker." Bing Crosby.

—J. R. W.

THANKS, VICTORIA

Victoria Daily Times

THE COMMANDING OFFICER LISTENS TO "BLESS 'EM ALL"

We are indeed grateful to Ald. W. H. Davies, the members of his entertainment committee and the accomplished artistes who gave us such excellent entertainment on 24th September and 2nd October.

Our hosts took over the airmen's mess for the two smoking concerts and provided drinks, cigarettes, chocolate, fruit, sandwiches and cakes. Frank Merryfield and William Harkness, two well-known magicians, kept us mystified with their wizardry; Sgt. Paul Michelin, the famous Canadian organist, gave piano solos which were much appreciated; he was rudely interrupted by Bert White, who was quickly forgiven when we heard his artistic handling of various fiddles. Able Seaman Lawrence Schiller proved himself a favourite by singing in the true Crosby style. The "Tune Termites," three expert instrumentalists from Seattle, U.S.A., brought rounds of applause with their interpretations of various popular songs.

We had two very enjoyable evenings—thanks to you, Alderman Davies and to our good friends in Victoria.

Victory

"Dit-dit-dit-dah. Dit-dit-dit-dah . . . " A wireless operator taps on his lonely key, probably on some almost forgotten outpost of the Empire, little knowing as he does so that all over Europe men are listening and pondering on the implications of that message.

To most people it means only a series of noises, to a very few it means "V," but to many thousands, all over Europe, it means all that is their heritage, it means everything that is being fought for at this time. It is doubtful as to whether one insignificant letter has ever before meant so much. The so-called "V" campaign started in a small way some time after the grey-clad hordes marched across the continent, and spread, slowly but surely, until at the present time it bears a message of hope to all who bear the burden of the Nazi yoke and also to we pitiful few who still retain our political integrity.

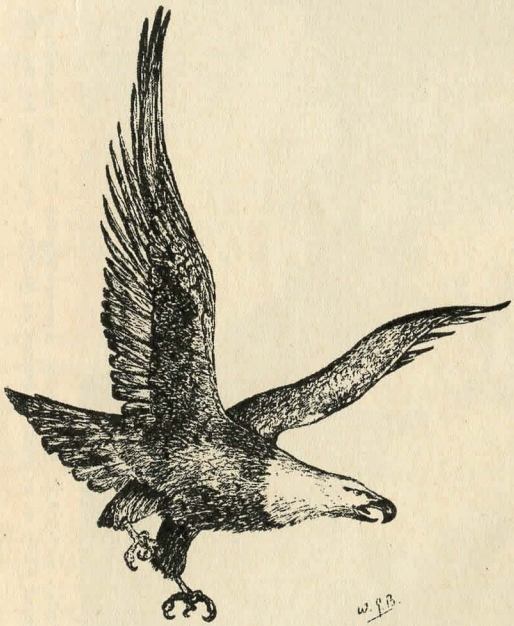
It is, perhaps, a little difficult to explain in a few words exactly what is conveyed by this letter. In short, it can be best said to represent the highest ideals of all that democracy stands for. It represents our faith in one cause and our resolution to see the present struggle terminated in a way that will cause our descendants to compliment us on our resolution and our dogged determination.

We fail to see a single advantage that the Nazi doctrine offers, but if such it does, then we can well do without it. The Nazi system, we have seen, provides for everything in its own particular way. Feeding, housing, clothing and the general culture of its adherents is carefully planned ahead with a disconcerting accuracy, as is also its military strategy in the field and at sea, whilst in the air its loss in efficiency is adequately made up in numerical strength. Everything as near-perfect as noted German militarism can make it, and yet Germany and the world at large realises that there is something missing. What is it, then ?

Simply the significance of "the Man in the Street." He is the man who delivers groceries somewhere in Norway. The man who runs a small business somewhere in England, the Czech who is a banker, and the Greek who peddles onions. These are the "small men" who are going to build themselves a brave new world which will be free of the tyranny they have suffered. It is they who will dig for the iron that makes munitions, who will use these against that regime, who will rebuild a shattered world into a better one in which they will be proud to plan their lives to conform to a plan that they will devise. To the cold, calculating Nazi mind there is nothing more useless than the individual mind, but it will be seen that an ideal that is common to all free men is a more potent force than that of a crackpot dictator's goose-stepping minions.

This world does not consist of navies or panzer divisions, but of "little men" whose common ambitions and common desires will prove suffcient to rebuild a world of tomorrow within the sorry remnants of this one; "little men," like the one who sends out the sum total of his future ambitions in a little, insignificant "V."

—R. BRECKON.



MASTER OF THE AIR—*Poised for Attack*

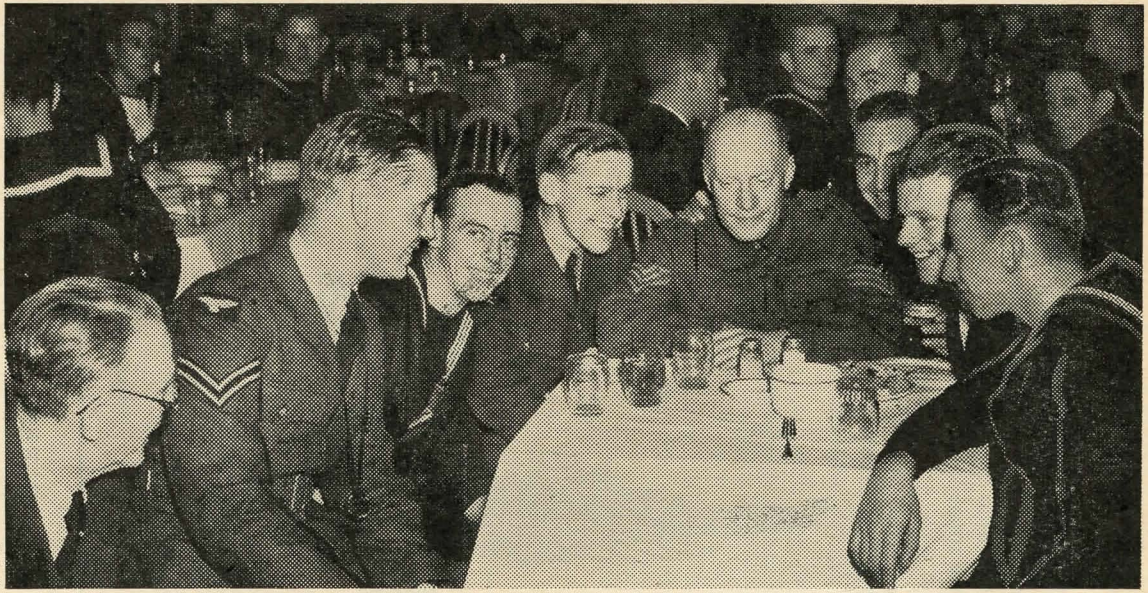
—Sketch by W. G. Bullen, M.T. Section.

ON PARADE AGAIN

On Saturday, October 18th, we again took part in a parade through Victoria. This time it was to help the War Savings Campaign. For a report of the march see "On Parade" (last month's issue)—it was very similar. The two chief differences were—(a) the man in front of me had a large piece of chewing gum stuck behind his ear and (b) the R.A.F. wheeled out of the parade and quickly vanished down the first alley past the saluting base. The rest of the procession marched on.

I remain, STILL FOOTSORE.

WE ENTERTAIN THE ROYAL NAVY



Victoria Daily Times

Cpl. E. Poole, A.C. C. Gosley and L.A.C. A. J. Skelly, representing the R.A.F. in a combined services picture taken when they entertained the Royal Navy at a smoking concert in Victoria, organized by the City Entertainment Committee.

On Sunday, October 12th, we entertained about forty men of the Royal Navy at a smoking concert in the canteen. Most of the men had been away from England since shortly after the outbreak of war and were, therefore, very eager listeners to our comparatively up-to-date news from the "Old Country." During the evening musical and other entertaining items were given by the guests and the hosts.

Welcome R.A.F. . . .
We Are Glad to Have You

Rose's LTD.

Jewellers and Opticians
1317 DOUGLAS STREET
Established Over 30 Years

❖

Headquarters for . . .
DIAMONDS . . . WATCHES
MILITARY JEWELRY.

❖

Jewelry, Watch and Optical Repairs on the Shortest Notice

PHONE E-6014

BLOWING OUR TRUMPET

We have received hundreds of complimentary remarks on our first issue of **The Patrician** and are very encouraged by them. We do, however, invite criticism, as it is only by this method that the magazine can be made to suit all tastes. For this reason write to us and say frankly what you think of the magazine and what you would like to see in it and, above all, send in material of your own for publication.

The following are a few comments made by well-known people in the district:—

"You've turned out a damned good publication."—F/O. A. G. Canning, Western Air Command.

"Best of luck to your snappy little magazine."—W.O. R. H. Barr, R.C.A.F.

"I wish your excellent magazine every success."—W. E. Kennedy, Esq., Sidney.

Actually heard in an American broadcast:—

"If you suffer from gout, lumbago, rheumatism or sciatica pain or find it difficult to stand on your feet, take Templeton's T.R.C.

"The Voice of Memory sings 'Trust in the Lord.' "

The photograph on the cover of **The Patrician** was entered in "The Daily Colonist" Amateur Snapshot Competition and received honourable mention.

BOWELL McDONALD U DRIVE

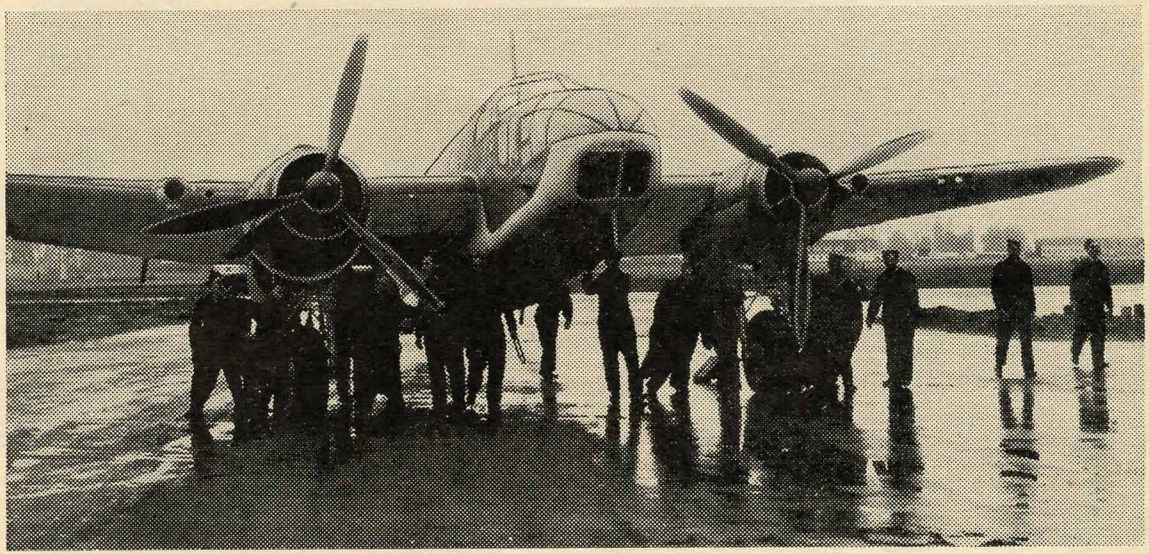
Pontiacs - Heaters - Radios

25c Per Hour. 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., or 6 p.m to 8 a.m.—$1.50
Plus 7½c per mile inclusive.

RAYE'S TAVERN
(opposite the R.C.A.F. Station)

HAMBURGERS
CHEESEBURGERS
EGGBURGERS

THE PRESS VISITS THE R. A. F.



Victoria Daily Times

ONE OF OUR "KITES" BEING WHEELED INTO THE HANGAR.

On Wednesday, October 8th, the Station was invaded by representatives of "The Daily Colonist," "The Victoria Daily Times" and "The Vancouver News-Herald," together with F/O A. G. Canning, Press Liason Officer, Western Air Command. Much space was given in these newspapers to the reports and photographs of the visit. Many of the Station personnel were interviewed and now we know at least one "fair-haired hero of Dunkirk" and a "dark, handsome wireless operator" who wish they had not been so helpful to the reporters !

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WHEAT

You who love England, hark to my rhyme
And picture some hot summer's morn.
The time of my story is harvest time
And the scene is a field of corn.

Amidst thousands of pieces of golden wheat
Two only belong to my tale.
The one was a female, tall and sweet,
The other, of course, was a male.

The faintest of breezes, sibilant soft
Wafted each to the other so near
That the male piece of wheat at the 53rd waft
Murmured "I love you, my dear."

But the soft wind dropped, and the summer's heat
Put an end to a romance begun.
For the beautiful lady piece of wheat
Fell asleep in the mid-day sun.

And when she awoke to raise her head
It was pitch black wherever she peeped.
For she found herself in a loaf of bread
And she murmured, "My God ! I've been reaped."

—X. Y. Z.

"After you with **The Patrician.**"

SCOUTS

A "Father and Son" supper was given by the 1st Sidney group (Commissioner Mr. F. King) on the 18th October. Several ex-Scouts of this unit and of the R.C.A.F. were invited to act as "fathers" to some of the Sidney Scouts. Wing Commander Plant of the R.C.A.F. replied to the toast "Scouts in H.M. Forces." Group Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M., the guest speaker of the evening, gave an interesting speech which was greatly appreciated by all.

A cinema show—"Shoulder Arms"—wound up a very interesting and entertaining evening.

The attention of all ex-Scouts is called to the notice under this heading in the October issue.

WESTERN AIR COMMAND BALL

Western Air Command 2nd **ANNUAL CABARET BALL,** Empress Hotel, Victoria, Friday, November 14th, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. R.C.A.F. Orchestra. For Double Tickets, $5.00, including dinner and cabaret, phone Sgt. Deacon, Air Staff Branch, Garden 8051.

The Proprietor and Staff
of
MARY'S
COFFEE BAR

Wish to
Express Their Appreciation
of the Marvellous
Work Carried Out By
the R.A.F.
Throughout the Empire.

❖

Enjoy Your Break at the Bar
(opposite R.A.F. Station)

IMPERIAL SERVICE STATION

Welding and Repairs

❖

Beacon and Second - SIDNEY
Phone 131

FRESH FRUITS . . ETC.

We Pack Parcels for Overseas

❖

A. W. HOLLANDS
SIDNEY

J. F. SIMISTER

DRY GOODS

"The Little Shop With
the Big Values"

Beacon Avenue - SIDNEY

THE GIFT SHOPPE

❖

Let Us Help You Mail
Your Gifts Home

❖

ROSA MATTHEWS
SIDNEY

Try the New . . .

Blue Moon

Coffee Shop

AIRPORT ROAD
(Opposite R.A.F. Guard House)

●

Mercury U Drive Cars for Hire

●

Your Local Drug Store

Can Supply All Your Needs in

Medicines, Toilet Articles,
Stationery, Gift Goods,
Kodaks and Films

❖

Agents for Crystal Finish Photos
Leave Your Films With Us

❖

We Have a Lovely Assortment
of Christmas Gifts for Overseas.
Buy Now and Mail Early.

BAAL'S DRUG STORE

PHONE 42L SIDNEY

PEOPLE'S SUPPLY STORE

Grocery - Ice Cream
Soda Fountain

❖

Beacon & Fourth, Sidney
Phone 90

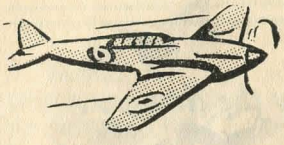
East Road Service Station

and Bicycle Shop

SIDNEY

150 yards from the R.A.F. Station)

H. D. HANSEN Telephone 111



ADVERTISE IN THIS MAGAZINE

For Particulars of Rates and Space Write to—

THE PATRICIAN
32 O.T.U., R.A.F.
Patricia Bay

STAN'S GROCERY

S. WATLING, Prop.

❖

Phone Sidney 181

Third Street at Sidney Ave.
SIDNEY

LOCAL MEAT MARKET

A. D. HARVEY

Dealers in
DRESSED MEATS
FISH and VEGETABLES

SIDNEY,B.C. Phone 31

Patricia Bay Service

Drive U Cars

Repairs and Servicing
Boats for Hire

PHONE 26M Ask for Tom

QUICK LUNCH CAFE SIDNEY

❖

HOME COOKING
Ice Cream - Confection
Tobacco

MITCHELL & ANDERSON LUMBER Co. Ltd.

— Lumber —

HARDWARE
and
ELECTRICAL GOODS

Corner Beacon and First Street
SIDNEY Phone 6

HERE'S TO THE BOYS IN THE R.A.F.

Here's a Toast to the Boys of the R. A. F.
From the Motherland, Over the Sea,
Joining Their Efforts with Canada's Own,
In Keeping Our Empire Free.

Here's to Your Very Good Health, My Lads,
Here's to Your Happiness, Too;
Here's to the Victory That's Sure to Come,
To Our Empire Boys in Blue.

J. S. A.

DAVID SPENCER LIMITED

Compliments of the

VANCOUVER ISLAND COACH LINES, LTD.

Complete Bus Service to All Points on Vancouver Island

Special Reduced Fares for Members of H.M. Armed Forces Over All Inter-urban Lines

VISIT A FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRE . . .

Good Pictures—Pleasant Surroundings

★

CAPITOL——COMING ATTRACTIONS

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH," starring Bob Hope.
"A YANK IN THE R.A.F.," starring Tyrone Power.
"CITIZEN KANE," starring Orson Welles.
"SUN VALLEY SERENADE" - "WHEN LADIES MEET"

★

DOMINION—COMING ATTRACTIONS

"DOCTOR KILDAIRE'S WEDDING DAY"
. . . and "THREE SONS-OF-GUNS"
"WILD GEESE CALLING" and "TOO MANY BLONDES"
"NEW YORK TOWN" and . . .
"HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT"
"PARACHUTE BATTALON" and "FATHER TAKES A WIFE"
"WHISTLING IN THE DARK" and "DOWN IN SAN DIAGO"

★

ATLAS——COMING ATTRACTIONS

"MAN HUNT" - - - Walter Pigin, Joan Bennett
"BARNACLE BILL" - Wallace Beery, Virginia Weidler
"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS" (in technicolor) - Betty Field

E. W. HEURTLEY

Representing

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

of Edinburgh, Scotland

The Company's Pension Bonds Afford a Profitable Investment Plan for Your SAVINGS

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

"ALL RISK" Policy Covers Officers' Effects and Equipment for ANY Loss or Damage ANYWHERE.

●

Inquiries Invited — Evenings by Appointment

612 View Street **E-5633** **Residence G-2605**

PRINTED BY DIGGON-HIBBEN LIMITED